

as having your dick disappear after being informed
that you've won a free night's use of a real, live
harem, but the feelings are similar.
and later that evening, at another bar
down the street where kirk and i had decided
to make our last stand,
i see this waitress that ...
well, let me put it this way,
if i could be the seat on anybody's 10 speed
in the whole wide world, it would have to be hers.
so i give her this note that says i think
Helen of Troy must have looked like her.
and you know what she did, your honor?
she asked me who Helen Troy was.
that's what kind of night i'm talking about, judge.
so when i got pulled over by two of
the california highway patrol's finest,
i wasn't weaving so much because of the beer,
but because i was considering whipping the wheel
and flooring it, doing something right for a change.
obviously, i failed at that, too.

so i plead guilty, your honor.
i plead guilty to being a loser
for one night too many.
now i dare you to insult a man who has nothing
left to lose.
i dare you.

3/19/79

i got them dirty underwear blues

we were taking a break between clutches
in the motel 6 darkness,
waiting for our second wind.
when, for no reason at all, she started.
1st, i heard about the episode with a perfect stranger
in san diego, a hitchhiker who turned her on
to some acid, and left her in the backseat of her car
at a local drive-in, her panties on backwards.
then, there was the middle-aged, recently divorced
business executive who kept falling asleep
despite the romantic fireplace setting and
a hundred and twenty dollar a night view
of the beach.
this led to her 1st time, a high-school jock
who came in three seconds and asked her if she
was alright.
the clincher, though, was a one-night stand who led
her to believe that he was single, and while wrestling

between the sheets at his place, what should her feet get tangled in except for a pair of his wife's dirty underwear.

i sat up, wondered what she'd say about me, the poet with a pecker shrinking like an elongated balloon with a slow leak.

3/25/79

choices

it was all so simple, then.
like the bold little punks that we were,
we'd approach perfect strangers outside
the local liquor store and ask them to buy
our beer for us. eventually somebody would,
and we'd head for the sanctuary of the nearby
railroad tracks, drink our adolescent asses into oblivion.
we almost always found ourselves pressing our ears
to the cold steel of the track, listening to the
music of strange noises coming towards us from far,
far away. but the impatience of youth never allowed
us to sit and wait for whatever was coming our way.
and as the years raced by, we went separate ways,
finding our own modes of transportation.

that was 10 yrs. ago, and now we're sitting in
the garage of his new home, and he's chain smoking
cigarettes faster than i can keep count.
he's talking about a marriage going down faster
than one can say "Titanic,"
and how painful it is to see his hopes and dreams
drifting on the glassy surface like
lifeboats in limbo.

and while the crazy woman he loves prepares dinner
in their new home, he takes another drag from
his cigarette, contemplates how yesterday's decisions
can become so important today;
the compounding complexities of missing a train
and catching a boat.